THRENODIA TRIUMPHALIS:

A

Triumphal FUNERAL-ODE.

BEING

A Compendious and Succinct SERIES of His Late Most Invincible

HIGHNESS'S

Stupendious SUCCESSES at Home, and Abroad;

Both by His own

PERSONAL PROWESS;

AND ALSO,

The Influential Emanation of His most Honble

PRIVY-COUNCIL.

Payne fisher

Translated purposely into ENGLISH, peculiarly for Those {who have RELATION to, / or are HONOURORS of,} the most Illustrious and Renowned

FAMILIE

Of the

CROMWELS.

LONDON:

Printed by *James Cottrel*, MDCLIX.

HIS

HIGHNESS's Triumphal-FUNERAL ODE.

WHat new Vexations have awak't, and preſt
Thoſe angry Wounds which were but juſt now (dreſt?
Shall I grow dumb? or into paſsion break?
Fear urgeth ſilence, *Sorrow* bids me ſpeak:
Thus dubious I, ſtand Planet-ſtruck, between
Two ſuch Extreams as will admit no mean.
Nor care I to frequent the Muſes ſhade,
Or thoſe new Springs which their own Tears have made:
Unruly *Helicon* knows here no bound,
And in this deluge *Delos* is half drown'd:
CHAMUS and *ISIS*, our two Siſter-Springs,
(The darling-Daughters, and delight of Kings)
At theſe great Obſequies in conſort joyn
Their Chore, to warble Anthems at this Shrine.
As when th' expiring Swan, before ſtill dumb,
Sings againſt Death her Epicædium,

Whilſt her attentive Brood record each Tone,
Ecchoing their Mothers ſorrows in their own.
I too, who once of both thoſe Springs did ſip
A very little, and ſcarce wet my Lip,
Am now grown drunk with Grief; the *OLIVE-Bough*
When I ſang Triumphs, which impal'd my Brow,
Being torn and gone, and I muſt wear in lieu
Of the green *Laurel*, *Cypreſs* and dead *Yeugh*.
Fain would I verſifie, and ſcribble what
My Genius dictates, but my Sobbs ſo blot
The ſullied Paper, that it ſeems to ſink,
As though my Tears were temper'd with my Ink.
Great Maker of the World! what Crime? what dire
Offence of *Britain* could incur thine Ire?
Implacable and reſtleſs Ire! which knows
No ſpace betwixt thy Mercy, and our Woes.
VVas't not ſufficient to have felt both far
And near, the fury of a ten years War,
VVhen *Mars* without diſtinction made ſuch ſpoil
Both of the Peers, and Commons of this Iſle?
VVas't not enough (great SIR, let me bemoan
Your neer Relations) for Fate, to have thrown
Th' unrafter'd Roof, and Beams down, but ſhe muſt
Level, and lay th' whole *Structure* in the duſt?

Such

Such is the Pride of Deſtiny, which ſtill
Like Lightning, aimeth at the loftieſt Hill.
Thy long-liv'd *Mother*, of a princely Stem,
Departed firſt; thy *Siſter* next; to them
Thy *Neece* was joyned; laſt of all, thy dear
Illuſtrious *Daughter* left our Britiſh Sphear,
T' enrich that ſtarry Region, and add more
Irradiation then it had before.
Juſt ſo, ſome gentle-riſing VVhirlwind heaves,
And ſpends her Lungs firſt on the Fruit and Leaves;
Then by degrees plays with each tender Twig,
And pliant Bough; from whence, with rage grown big,
She rends th' whole Body of the Oak, till all
Her Limbs and Arms lie buried in her fall.
In ſad *Septembers* third, let none belief
Repoſe, a day of Glory, and of Grief;
Of Loſs, and Conqueſt, witneſs that known pair
Of twin-born-Triumphs, *WORSTER & DUNBAR.*
But Death hath chang'd the Theatre, and made
Thy Speare and Scepter equal to her Spade,
Forcing that day of *Victory* to turn
Her *Chariot-Wheels* to wait upon thine *Urn.*
Sad may that ſeaſon be, that *Autumne* which
Hath robb'd our faireſt Foreſts, to enrich

Her

Her ſelf, and with one fatal Blaſt blown down
The talleſt *Cedar* in our *Lebanon*,
VVhich now laments to think ſhe hath loſt more
In *one*, then ſcarce *two* Ages can reſtore.
Affrighted *Phyllis* with diſhevell'd hair,
Leaving the Country and Contagious Air,
Haſted to Town, with her whole Train, to be
A ſad Spectatrix of thy Court and Thee,
VVhere all who did thy glorious Memory prize,
Baptiz'd their Sorrows in their blubber'd Eyes:
Senate, and People; Gentry, with the Peers;
Church, Camp and Courts, did all expreſs their Fears
Of blacker times, had not great *RICHARD*'s Ray
Baniſh't that Darkneſs, and reſtor'd the Day
To her Horizon, whoſe bright Beams fore-run
The cheerful Influence of a riſing Sun.
Theſe are our hopes, great SIR; but ſtill our Tears
Adjourn thoſe Joys, whilſt preſent Sorrow bears
The Sway, and the pale hovering ſhadow yet
Of that *Great Sun*, which is but newly ſet.
Thus when old *Atlas* ſhifts his wearied ſhoulder,
The Heavens, though ſafe ſtill in their new upholder,
Yet, ſeem to ſhake, as though they felt ſome fright,
Whilſt all thoſe ſtarry Centinels of night

Twinkling

Twinkling like dying Tapers, riſe, and ſink,
As though thy fain would wake, yet fain would wink.
Ceaſe then, you great Phyſicians, and ſuſpend
T' arraigne thoſe Griefs which haſt'ned on the end
Of our great *Hero*; no Diſeaſe alone
Durſt venture on him; Collick, Gout, or Stone,
Were all too weak, without the joynt-endeavour,
And co-aſsiſtance of an *high-flam'd Fevour*.
Hence fell the Mighty *CROMWEL*, and was hurl'd
With the like Fate as when the flaming World
Shall be calcin'd, and all the Elements turn
To Duſt, to mix their Aſhes with his Urn.
At His Remove, Nature almoſt forſook
Her wonted ſtation, and the Centre ſhook,
VVhilſt riſing VVinds before his fall did ſigh,
And with thoſe VVinds the ſympathizing Sky
VVept forth freſh Showers, as willing to renew
Thoſe Rites, and re-embalm him in their Dew.
Chear up then, dull Aſtrologers, and ne'er
Admire becauſe no *Star* did pre-appear
To ſhew his death, who, had his days been ſpun
Out by their worth, might have out-liv'd the *Sun*,
And forc'd all thoſe inferiour Lamps to have
Their Chaos Clymacterick with His Grave.

Nor needed He their borrowed lights, whoſe known
Sublime Illuminations were his own:
So that to vote him Saint above, were no
New Appellation, who was one below:
Where the harmonious *Graces* did conſpire
From ſeveral Voyces to make up one Chore,
And like religious Votaries, deſigne
Him, their fair Temple, and his Soul, their Shrine.
Triumphant SIR! who ſtellifi'd, doſt ſhine
In thy new Orb, whilſt groveling we, repine
At thy great Apotheoſis, and fain
VVould, if we could, re-call thee back again:
For black-mouth'd Malice, and pale Envy 's fled
To their dark Cells, both ſpeechleſs and half dead;
And the baſe vulgar Slime, which ſo inveig'd
Againſt thy Sun-ſhine, now adore thy Shade.
Thus maugre Fate, thy Fame ſhall ſtand alone,
Writ in thy *SONS* fair Margent, and thine own
Heroick Acts, whoſe Annals ſhall ſtrike dumb
The preſent, and amuſe the Age to come,
Till Heavens two Luminaries ſhall give o're
To ſhine, or *Thetis* to embrace our ſhore.
But *England* firſt, fair *England* muſt firſt be
Th' unflattering Mirrour of thine Acts and Thee:

England

England, who e're thy Reſcue, did decline,
Preſt by her Foes Arms, but preſerv'd by thine.
How oft, ambitious more of Peace then Wars,
Griev'ſt thou to view thy Country, and her Scars,
When the Couragious *CAROLIST* did feel
Th' Effects and Fury of thy fatal Steel?
VVhoſe ſlaughter'd heaps on heaps, ſhall raiſe thy Pile
Of Trophies, 'bove the Pyramids of *Nile*,
Though her proud Forehead ſeemeth to defie,
And ſtand in Competition with the Sky.
The Evidence is clear, and ſuch as ſtands
Subſcrib'd, and witneſs'd with a world of Hands.
Let *Keinton* ſpeak, thy Victories fair Pledge,
Which fleſh't thy Troops, and to their Swords gave edge
To hack and hew their way, through Hills and Dales,
As well of *England*, as oppoſing *Wales*.
To ſpeak thy Fights in order, and when fought,
Comes not within the compaſs of my thought;
For who can Marſhal in even Files and Ranks,
Thoſe mighty Victories which o're-bore their Banks?
Lincolnes large County, and *Leiceſter's*, will
VVith *Naiſbies* well rang'd Battail, ſpeak thy skill
In Martial Feats; *Northampton* thence ſtood free,
Much bound to thy ſtout Myrmidons and Thee.

How

How oft did Thy conducting care perform
Exploits, importing either Siege or Storm,
When with loud Vollies thundring Cannons tore
The Walls, and Mortars made the welkin roar?
Wilts, *Cornwal*, *D'avon*, *Somerſet*, (to name
No more) with *Glo'ſter*, trembled at thy Fame.
The *Dorceſterians* (ere thou cam'ſt) at odds
Threw down their Clubs, where *Hamilton*, and *Hods*
Proud heads unite, and that ſweet gliding *Stower*
Makes the fields Gardens, and each bank a Bower.
VVe name not *Burport*; nor great *Athens* Town,
VVhich did inveſt the Victor with her Gown,
To tell the World, That Conquerours are true
Sons of *Bellona* and *Minerva* too.
VVho can view *Hamptons* Fortreſſes, but muſt
Behold great *Baſing* batter'd into duſt
By thine Artillery, heard through *Surry*'s Parks,
And neighbouring bounds of *Buckingham* and *Berks*?
Fam'd *York*, and *Marſton-moor*, feel yet thy Blows,
Both, be'ng the Monuments of thy Fame, and Foes
Confuſion, whoſe Entrails are o're-ſpread
With the cramb'd heaps, and bodies of the dead.
Old *Lancaſter*, and noble *Preſton* ſhall
Proclaim thy Triumphs, pendant in the Hall

Of

Of that great Court, whoſe weeping Walls 'gainſt Rain
Sweat with the Burthen of thoſe Trophies, ta'en
When that great *Duke*, with His whole Train came o're
The *Tweede*, on purpoſe to invade our Shore.
Great Champion of our Iſle! How oft Renown'd
In Her Defence, did Guardian-Angels round
Thy Tents, pitch Theirs, whilſt *Sol* Himſelf ſtood Scout,
And *Cynthia* with Her Centinels look'd out?
Thus Fame ſtill, Page-like, waited on thy Shield,
Where ere thou went'ſt; if either *Wor'ſters* Field
(*Englands Pharſalia*) or the Northern Clime
Requir'd thine Aid; t' inſtruct the World, no time
Nor Place could circumſcribe Thee, or withſtand
The ſpreading Conduct of thy conquering Hand.
But theſe are but meer Rhapſodies, and Scraps
Of thy full Triumphs, or like Leſſer Maps
Of the Large World, where every Prick ſets down
Some ample Shire, and every Point's a Town.
For who but an *Herculean* Hand doth dare
Proportion *Hercules* Foot by his ſhort Square?
VVhich who preſumes, doth to the Ocean pay
But Drops, and holds a Candle to Noon-Day.
But 'twas no ſingle Kingdom could bind all
Thy Battails up; this Iſland was too ſmall

To comprehend thoſe Victories, which were
Th' aſsigned Objects of another Sphere:
So that to ſpeed Thee then, the Seas grew milde,
And Waves ſubmitted, which before were wilde:
Th' obſequious Weather ſtrived to obey
Thy new-Shipt Forces, and the Winds made way:
Thy Maſts were ſeen aloof; th' *Ogygian* Coaſt
Dreading the Enſignes of Thy conquering Hoaſt.
Perplexed *Ireland* then with Croſſes bleſt
Herſelf, to ſuccour an Unwelcome Gueſt;
And conſcious of Her Crimes, began to rue
That Vengeance long delay'd, ſo juſtly due.
In this ſad Plight She ſate; the Harp Unſtrung
Grew Mute, no Voice but what the Trumpets Tongue
Did in a double Dialect fore-tell,
Sounding at once, our Welcome, and their Knell.
For You, SIR, coming with a new Supply
Then, when her Friends were low, and Enemies high,
Cur'd all Her Maladies, and thoſe Enemies ſlew,
Being both Her Captain and Phyſician too.
Dublin the chiefeſt City, then reſpir'd
From her long Siege, and *Drogheda* admir'd
That Day of Dayes, where Hecatombs t' aſſwage
Vengeance, fell Victims to the Publique Rage.

Con-

Connaught and *Clare* (new Colonies) ſeclude
Themſelvs, t' enjoy their Natives, and own Brood.
Lemſter looks brisk again, and *Munſter* growes
More young, and, though defiled with her Foes,
Reſumes her Maiden Name. Great *Ulſter* riſen
From the dark Chaos of a gloomy Priſon,
Revives from her old Rubbiſh, glad to ſee
Her Friends returned, which were forc'd to flee
From that dire Doom, when the whole Land became
One *Holocauſt* to expiate her flame;
Who now, deliver'd from thoſe Helliſh Pranks,
Sings in one Breath, your Triumphs, and her Thanks.
Unwearied Arm! What *Briareus* of old,
Or many-Handed *Giareus* e'er could
Compare with Thee, who haſt alone done more
Then all our *Kings* or *Conquerours* before?
Nor is this all; for why? Thy Troubles finde
No Truce nor Calme; as though they had combin'd
With th' Oceans reſtleſs Billows, when they ſmother
Themſelves, one riding on the Neck of th' other.
Scarce did thy Proweſs and Puiſſance clear
The Coaſts of *Ireland*, and ſecure all there,
But new Commotions in *South-Wales* break forth,
Whilſt thundring *Hamilton* braves it in the North;

Both

Both which, ſoon quell'd and conquer'd, did add more
Fame to thy Trophies, and inhaunſe their Score.
Thence, with brave Conduct, (that thou might'ſt encreaſe
Thy Countries Honour, and Conſerve Her Peace)
Thou led'ſt a War-like Dance, being willing to
Repay our Neighbours what before was due,
Great *Caledonia* though ſome mighty Winde
Had wing'd thy March, and in great Fear combin'd
All her confederate Legions to oppoſe
The fierce Incurſion of Invading Foes.
Th' Inhabitants ſtood aloof, and *Penclands* high
And ſtiff-Neck'd Promont, which out-brav'd the Skie,
Began to Humble, and ſubmit her Head
To thoſe more proud Pavilions which o'er-ſpread
Her Plains, admiring there to ſee a new
Forreſt of Pikes, where never yet Tree grew.
What loud Alarums then? What Fears both far
And neer enſu'd that Battail of *Dunbar*?
Dunbar, which in Times Story will be ſpread
At large, and writ in Capitals as red
As was that Field, where ſuch vaſt Numbers ta'en,
More then their Takers, and ſo many ſlain,
Of Great and Small, in ſad Confuſion lay
Thy Valours Purchaſe, and thy Souldiers Prey.

What Rage, poor *Muſclebrough*, inflam'd thy Breſt,
To ſee ſome Squadrons enter, and the reſt
Surround thy *Frith*, which frighted, ſeem'd to hide
Her hoary Head, and countervert her Tide!
Leith a cloſe-Mourner ſtood, when that high Seat
Of *Arthur*, her next Neighbour, was repleat
With armed Bands; Nor could thy ſtately old
Metropolis, great *EDENBROUGH*, withhold
From Tears, to view her *CASTLE*-Warders ſlain,
And that huge *Pile* in danger to be ta'en.
Stupendious Task! No Rocks, though ne'er ſo hard,
Nor Mountains rear'd on Mountains, could retard
Thy March and Motion, breaking through thoſe loud
Tempeſtuous Storms, like Lightning from a Cloud.
This *Caſtle* gain'd, Thy Troops did ſoon run o'er
All *Caledonia*, where the VVar-like *Boar*
And *Pytho* ſlain, renown'd Thee with the new
Name of *Apollo* and *Meleager* too.
Nor *Enderkeithen*, nor fam'd *Sterlings* Seat,
VVith *Johnſtons* Town, could ſatisfie thy great
And ſpreading Fame, diffuſed to thoſe *High*
And craggy *Lands*, which quarter with the Skie.
Remoteſt *Thule*, and th' *Orcades* admir'd
To ſee an Armie in ſo far retir'd

Nook of the World, where never *Romes* Proud Kings
Or *Eagles* ventur'd to advance their Wings.
The *Mountaneere* convinc'd, now ſaw how ill's
Their State, whoſe Hope's no higher then thoſe Hills,
Since Rocks are but poor Refuges, though ne'er
So ſteep, when proud *Albanias* did appear
In Purple Gore, and *Argathelia* ſtood
Sprinkled, and Re-baptiz'd in her own Blood.
The *Picts* forſook their Crates; and huge *Loughabber*
Began to quail, when her abandon'd Neighbour
Cantire, with all the Iſlands of the *Mull*
Reduc'd, became annihilate, and null.
To theſe, fair *INVERNESSES* Citadel
Shall raiſe Thy Fame, high as her Towers, and tell
Succeeding Ages, how much *Scotlands* Iſle
With *England*, ſtands indebted to this *Pile*.
Nor could three ſpatious Kingdoms thus ta'en in
Suffice; for ſee, freſh Glories now begin
To Muſter, whilſt th'ambitious *Sea* doth ſtand
Corrival with the Laurels of the *Land*;
Nereus being ſcarce content that *Inland-Towns*
Should ſtint His Fame which over-ſpread Her *Downs*.
Our War-like Neighbours which Uſurp'd the Sea,
Loſt here their Patent, and pretended Plea

Of Soveraignty, and to thy Throne did yield
That Trident which Themſelves could not well wield.
What ſhall I ſpeak of *Neptunes* huge Champaigne?
When Trees and Towers tranſplanted to the Maine,
Moved like floating Iſles, and Maſts at noon,
Spread with their Sails, inveloped the Sun.
Then grieved Nature ſeemed to complain
Of theſe Affronts, to ſee the greedy Main
Ingroſs whole Foreſts, and her Scaly Shoals
For want of Room, creep into Creeks and Holes.
Old *OLBION* with th'Inhabitants was ſcar'd
When thundring Cannons on her Coaſts were heard,
And that Shaft-graſping Lyon 'gan to Roar
Round *Deale*, and *Dover*, and awake that Shoar.
Then, by the influence of thy *Council*, and
Conduct, though far Remote, thou wert at hand:
Thou didſt advance the Sea-Mans Pay; to th Bold
And Daring gaveſt Medals of fine Gold,
Juſt Guerdons of their Meeds; The Sword alone
Being the grand Umpire to decide the one
And others Right, and th'Engliſh bore the Bell
Rung through all *Europe* at their Enemies Knell.
Goodwin (whoſe Gulph hath ſwallowed what her *ſand*
Can never reckon) here was at a ſtand,

And

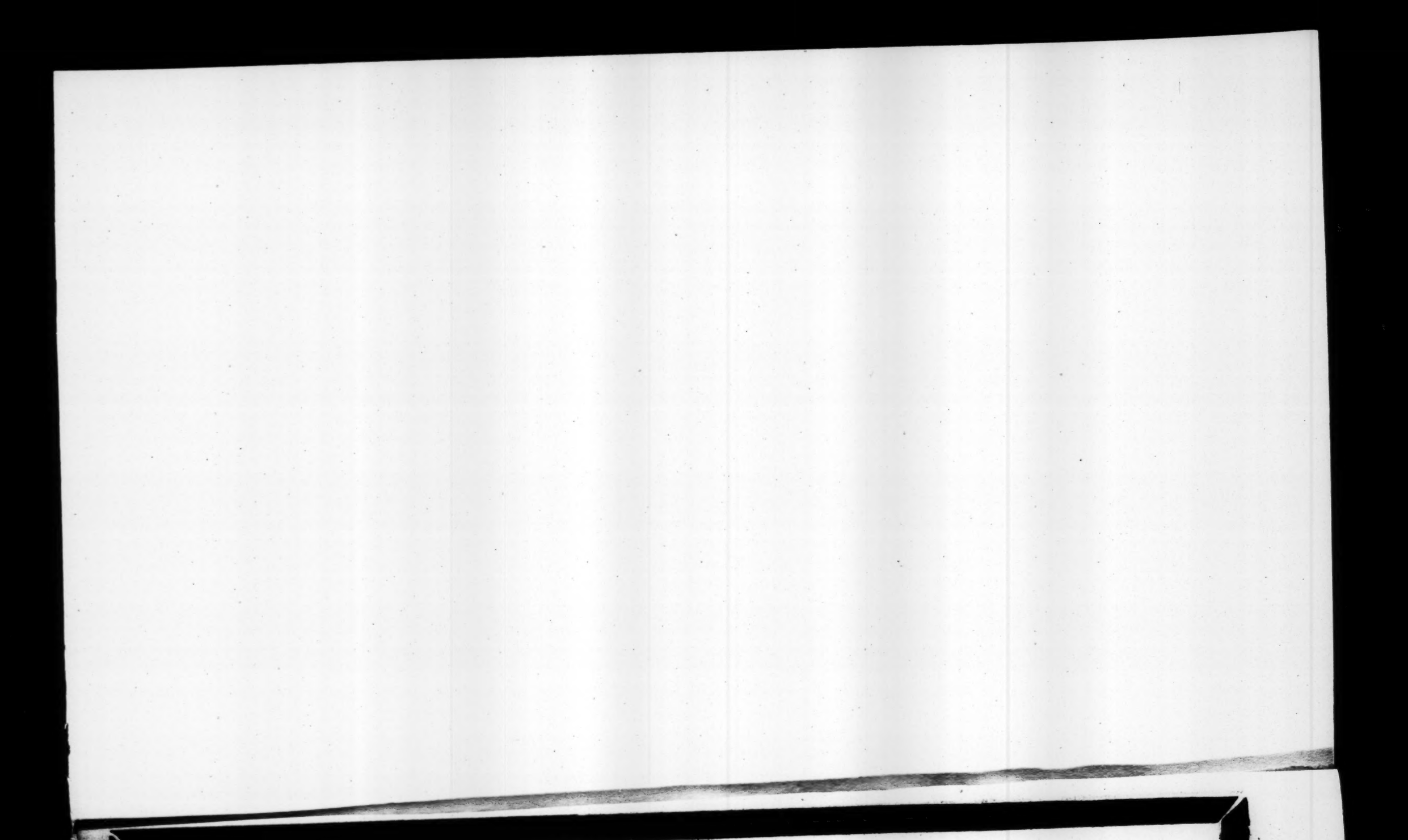
And *Thetis* drunk more *Dutchmens* Blood that day,
Then e'er ſhe did, and well we hope, e'er may.
Thus pregnant with Succeſs, Succeſs ſurrounds
Our *Iſle*, as though her Belly had no Bounds;
Like th' ambient Air, or Suns capacious Zone,
Stretch'd to all Climats, but confin'd to none.
Nor ſtay'ſt thou here; The *Downs* with all their whole
Dominions, were too narrow for thy Soul;
Flanders, with *Dunkirk* and the adjacent Towns,
Were but ſhort Stages to thy ſwift Renown's
Itinerant Sun, whoſe glaring Beams were hurl'd
Throughout *America*, and the weſtern World.
Nor could th' *Atlantick* Ocean, or thoſe great
Herculean Columns, or Imperial Seat
Of *Adria*, bound thy Conqueſts, nor the Shore
Of Proud *Dalmatia*, or an hundred more; *An Apoſtrophe to the two Admirals.*
When *BLAKE* and *MOUNTAGUE* diffus'd new (Fear
Throughout the Realm of *Tunis* and *Argier*,
And th' *Helleſpont* new dy'd with Blood, began
To gueſs great *MAHOMETS MOON* was neer her (wane.
You both were Generals at the ſelf-ſame time;
We joyn your Conqueſts, but divide the Clime,
VVhere *BLAKE* his Force againſt the Turks imploy'd,
And where victorious *MOUNTAGUE* deſtroy'd

Spain's

Spain's glittering Fleet (as one more quaintly ſings)
The Pay of Armies, and the Pride of Kings.
Brave Souls! to whom (with *ſome few more*) I may
If Stars be but Propitious, juſtly Pay
My Vows in Epick Odes, and crown high Fame's
Altars, with Incenſe offer'd to your Names.

The moſt incomparable ingenious Mr Waller, *in his excellent Copy on General* Mountague's *Victory over the Spaniſh* Plate-Fleet *in* 1657.

Thus fell our *HERO*; Not ſo full of Dayes
As old in Honours, having ſpread his Rayes
Through Fame's huge Zodiack, & run through the whole
Circle, from th' *Arctick* to th' *Antarctick* Pole.
Scarce were the Curtains of his *Evening* drawn,
Scarce His *Grand-Climacterick* 'gan to dawn,
When He declining, left us, to lay down
A Conquer'd Sceptre for a Conquerors Crown.
In th' interim we, poor whimpering we, bemone
His Death, and ſhould Prognoſticate our own,
Did not Great *RICHARD*, who his Sceptre bears,
Buoy us up, ſinking in a Tide of Tears:
'Tis *He* our Pilot placed at the Helme,
Who ſteers three Kingdoms, and ſecures each Realm.
He clear'd thoſe Clouds which did begin to lowre,
And forced Sun-ſhine from a threatned Showre.
Hail *Son* of ſuch a *Sire!* who haſt a known
Title as well t' His *Vertues*, as His *Throne*;

Who, if thy *Birth* had not, thy *Merits* might
Have claim'd theſe *Realms*, and juſtifi'd thy *Right* :
Whoſe Praiſe (if his Great *COUNCIL* ſhall ſo pleaſe)
I ſhall Plow up, and ſhew how great th' Increaſe
And *Crop* muſt needs be, when the Temperate *Air*
And *Earth* Co-Operate, and the *SEED*'s ſo Fair.

From my Study on
St. *Peters*-hill, at
Mr. *Donn*'s.